

THE ADVOCATE.

"LOZENGERS."

A Gamin's Simple Tribute to His Dead Friend of the Lodging House.

There were two names on the brass plate that was nailed to the lid of the cheap coffin in the parlor of the "Boys' Lodging House," but to the gamins who were congregated on the pavement below, waiting for their comrade's funeral services to begin, the dead had been known as "Lozengers." In life he had been a lozenge peddler in the city parks—one of those child merchants that wander from bench to bench and draw their monotonous "Lozengers; all kinds; cent a package."

That "Lozengers" had been popular among the other boys of the lodging house was evident from the number of his fellows who had gathered to hear "de parson's send off," and from the huge design in common flowers that they had placed at the head of his coffin. The boys had chipped in and bought it from a florist, bargaining sharply with him for "de biggest show de boodle would buy."

When "Lozengers" was living his bed-fellow and boon companion was a newsboy, the eldest of the crowd of youngsters who were waiting on the sidewalk, and in their terse, homely way the others expressed their sympathy with him. As the newsboy was expected to make some reply to them, he said:

"Lozengers never c'd a got 'long in dis wurld; he hed too much heart fer a bizness man."

"Why wun day me an him wuz up 'n de park an a lot uv g'uls (girls) f'om wun uv 'em 'ere homes come 'long wid der keeper. Lozengers tried ter sell his stock uv can'y ter her fer de kids, but she w'dn't buy non. De kids wuz crowdin' 'roun' Lozengers an eysin de sweets hungry like, an I kep a watchin' 'em, so's non uv 'em w'd lift er package."

"Be fust t'ing I knowed Lozengers jist turned his back on der keeper an begun ha'n' 'roun his box an de kids dey help'd demselves. W'en de box wuz empty, he cluck it onter de grass an come back ter me. Den I axed him wot he got fer de stock, an he sed, 'Not a darn cent.'"

"Der keeper w'dn't pay his price an he hedn't enuf bizness 'bout him ter offer de goods at half price. He seen de kids wanted de can'y, an ruther 'n see der mouths waterin fer nuthin he jist set up de whole box ter 'em."

"Say, fellers, it's mebbe jist ez well 'at Lozengers is gone, fer a man wid a heart like his'n wuz ain't got no call ter be nuthin but a millynaire, an yer kin see fer yerself dat he hedn't de bizness 'bout him ter git ter be a Wandylbit."—Alexander L. Kinkead in New York Epoch.

The Dividing Line of Loquacity.

"One of the greatest differences between the east and the west," says a veteran conductor, "is in regard to talking with strangers. The Missouri river is the dividing line in regard to talk. The very minute passengers get east of Omaha and Council Bluffs they freeze each other. Strangers are strangers, and they grow more so until they reach the coast. The difference is just as marked the other way. Passengers who would not dare to speak or be spoken to quit playing clams as soon as they reach the end of the Union Pacific bridge. From that point on, clear to the setting sun, the tongues get nimbler and nimbler."

"You can ask any man for his past experience, present feelings and future expectations, and he will give up every detail with a smile. But get even a little ways east, and if you ask a man the time of day he will look at you as if he was sure you intended to snatch his watch. Yes, the Missouri river is the line of loquacity."—Omaha Bee.

Why He Called His Parrot "Money."

There was a man at the Lake Erie depot, and he had a parrot of which he seemed very proud, and with good reason, for it was an accomplished linguist. There was also an "observer" there, one of those persons who call themselves philosophers and students of human nature. Quoth he to his companion:

"There is a curious fact in relation to parrots. Nearly all are possessed of the same name. Now, I'll bet you a box of cigars against a cigarette that that bird's name is 'Polly.'"

He accosted the parrot man with, "I say, my friend, what do you call that bird?"

"Money," was the reply.

"What do you call it that for?"

"'Cause money talks. See?"

"You're right, she does," said the parrot, as she winked the other eye.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

We may class among curiosities a certain epitaph of a Roman husband on his departed wife. He mentions the years, months, days and even hours that they had lived together, and then concludes, "On the day of her death I gave the greatest thanks before gods and men."

I have not come upon any inscription so heartlessly frank as this. But a good many husbands seem a little formal in the expression of their grief. The Latin epitaphs especially tend rather to conventional phrases when the virtues of a wife are to be set forth. "Incomparable" is a favorite epithet. "Of whom I make no complaint" strikes one as rather faint praise.—Cornhill Magazine.



WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

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THE CHIECHAS.

An Ancient People of South America About Whom Little Is Known.

The rich regions of the Aztecs were discovered in 1519, and the conqueror of Montezuma was already returning to Spain when Pizarro set sail for Peru. In 1532 the empire of the Incas was entirely overthrown, while in 1533 there still existed, unknown to the world, upon the high tablelands of the eastern cordillera of the Andes an agricultural people composed of more than a million souls, possessing populous cities, fortified places and paved roads; an established priesthood with temples, altars and sacrifices; an organized, hereditary government and a standing army; an approximate computation of time and various industries, and no little intelligence in husbandry.

Over this growing civilization of the Chibchas the conquest swept like a hurricane, devastating villages, archives, manufactures and cultivated fields—dispersing the bones and annihilating the traditions of the miserable Indians. In the course of a few years they were deprived of their independence, their chiefs, their liberty and even of their language, at the hands of the most cruel, blind and persistent persecution; their very name was stricken from the catalogue of existing nations, their descendants were condemned to complete oblivion of their origin, while the antiquarian was left in the doubt and confusion of fabulous ages with respects to events which immediately preceded this epoch.

The hurriedly written narratives of the conquerors speak of the grandeur of the "Valley of Castles"—Bogota, so called because of the high edifices of its cities; of the extensive salt mines of Zipaquira; of the potteries of Tinjaca, and especially of the great riches, the golden decorations and the upright mummies covered with fine mantles, that were inclosed in the temple of Suamoz, the principal sanctuary of the Chibchas. Nor were these descriptions exaggerated.

In our day there have been found in ancient sepulchers the most delicate cotton fabrics, well preserved mummies, elaborately carved wooden articles of furniture, exquisite vases of baked earth, often imitating the human form and the figures of animals, and an infinite variety of golden ornaments and images. Beyond doubt the Chibchas had attained the third place in the civilization of aboriginal America; yet volumes have been written upon the Aztecs and Incas, while the name of this enlightened contemporary is almost unknown. They are said to have been denominated Chibchas because of the frequent recurrence of the syllables "chi" and "cha" in their tongue, but Humboldt calls them Muiscas or Moscas.

According to the distinguished historian Acosta, the term muiscas merely signified "people" in their language, and mosca (Castilian for "fly") was probably a corruption of the former, or may have been applied to these Indians because of the great number that appeared before, and endeavored to stay the progress of the handful of Spaniards led by Quesada. As successful as Cortez or Pizarro, unlike them, this famous captain was never rewarded with the coveted marquisate of Spain, and has lacked the master hand of Prescott to portray the thrilling incidents of his no less remarkable conquest.—Lieut. H. R. Lemly in Century.

A Powerful Glass.

In one of the Confederate companies at Charleston there was a blue eyed young Englishman full of merriment and waggishness.

One of his tricks was to mimic pompous officers, who sometimes stalked around the forts with their gold mounted field glasses, in a way that would bring down the house if done on the stage in comedy.

He usually wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane in imitation of a field glass, and one day, after a long study of the enemy through the pretended magnifier, he dropped the instrument, leaped from the observatory where he stood and alighted among a crowd of men watching him from below.

His face was the picture of alarm, and when asked what the matter was he answered, hysterically:

"The matter! Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass that I became frightened and ran off."—Southern Bivouac.

Pure water is known only to the chemist, for all the ordinary kinds of water contain either gaseous, saline or organic matters. For chemical purposes water is obtained by distillation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It Spoiled the Play.

I remember a play that received its death blow in Leadville. It was a border drama called "The Man from Texas," written by a local newspaper man, and from the number of people killed in it I think it would have made a great hit at a morgue. The manager scared up a stock company for it—all variety folks, and the part of heroine was intrusted to a vocalist named Erba Robson. Erba was a fat, jolly fairy, who was a great favorite in such serio comic back numbers as "Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door," but you could no more imagine her as the heroine of a sensational drama than you could imagine Jack the Ripper conducting a lady's seminary. On the opening night the house was packed, principally with miners, and Erba's friends were out in force.

Everything went on smoothly until a portion of the drama was reached in which the heroine was supposed to repulse the advances of the villain, who had a mortgage on her papa's farm, and wanted to espouse her. Erba rolled her eyes and clawed the air. "I will accept no money offer for me hand!" she exclaimed in great shape.

"That's right!" yelled an enthusiastic miner in the gallery, "play yer hand out if you have better than ten spots!" That knocked "The Man from Texas" in the head, and made Miss Robson so mad she threw up her part as soon as the curtain fell.—Interview in Atlanta Constitution.

A Queer Peach Tree.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said Mr. E. E. Kirby, ticket agent of the East Tennessee road, as he held up a peach seed as large as a man's fist.

"Well, I know you haven't. There's a peach inside of that seed, and the tree on which this peach grew is the only peach tree that I ever heard of that, instead of growing the seed on the inside of the peach, grows the peach on the inside of the seed."

"Some years ago while I was visiting in south Georgia, I grafted a peach twig on an Australian cherry tree. The twig bore fruit, but the fruit apparently was nothing but seeds. It was not disturbed, however, until they had grown very large, when one of the seeds were pulled and broken open. On the inside was a perfectly formed green peach."

"After that none of the seeds were disturbed till they had changed color from a light brown to a black. Then one of them was broken open and a ripe peach of a light yellow color was found on the inside."—Atlanta Journal.

How to Invest Money.

When you have saved \$100 or \$200 or \$500, look about for a good investment. Do not take up this or that scheme at a venture, but examine it carefully, and if you see your way clear, put your money into it. Real estate is usually a good investment. More money has been made in real estate than you could estimate in a day.

A first mortgage is, in nine cases out of ten, safe. But take advice on the subject before you invest. Go to some good conservative man and get his views. I should advise the same course if you should put your money in stocks or bonds or railway shares. In fact, I should urge, before you invest a penny, that you get the best counsel on the subject to aid you in taking the right course.

If your first investment prospers, by careful management and by always being on the alert, you can increase your fortune by reinvesting your profits.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

To Keep Up with His Grandson.

There is a good deal of honor in being a grandfather and a deal of personal satisfaction, generally speaking, in being a grandson, but one of the most pronounced proofs of happy relations between grandfather and grandson that I ever heard of is now going on in this city. The grandfather, about seventy years of age, has earnestly taken up the study of French because his grandson, about to graduate from the Michigan university, expects to spend the next two years in France as a finish to the acquirement of an education. When Le returns he will, of course, speak French fluently, and the old gentleman does not intend to be found wanting in that direction.—Detroit Free Press.

Room for Doubt.

Mr. Topfloor—Do you mean to insinuate that I never speak the truth, madam?

Mrs. Hashever—Yes. I cannot believe you implicitly.

Mr. T.—Why?

Mrs. H.—Because you are a mere roomer.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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